

THE DAWN.

NO. 9. WILMINGTON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1822. VOL. 1.

"Cultivation is as necessary to the mind, as food is to the body."


"If good we plant not, vice will fill the place;
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface."

To Correspondents.—"BLANCH" is too incorrect for insertion. If "E." will assure us of the *originality* of his communication, it shall appear in our next. Could "ROSALINE" reperuse the manuscript which she sent us, she would be convinced that her accusation is partially groundless. Her request shall be attended to.

We have received the Prospectus of the "JUVENILE MUSEUM," a paper about to be published in Mount-pleasant, Ohio, under the direction of "*The Seminary Range Literary Association*." The object of the editors is to present a sheet of innocent and interesting matter, for the improvement of the Junior Class of Society, of both sexes."

We heartily wish them success in their endeavor to improve the minds of our young brothers and sisters of the West, and that they may become as justly celebrated for their literary attainments, as they are for many other virtuous traits of character.

TERMS:—The paper will be handsomely printed, twice a Month, each number containing 8 cap octavo pages; at fifty cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

 Subscriptions thankfully received at this office.

FOR THE DAWN.

Concluded from page 61.

I offered my hand and he conducted me, well pleased to see this secret place. The first door opened not as I expected, into a room, but into a long gallery at the end of which was another door, but before Siberia opened it, he desired I would not be surprised if I beheld a very extraordinary sight. I answered that I depended upon

his honor, and had no fear. He then opened the door, but what was my astonishment at the sight I beheld! A very large and dark room, partially enlightened by the feeble glimmering of several small lamps that spread horror over the contents of this dismal place! The room was lined with black, surrounded with coffins and ensigns of death! I started and was going to run back, but recollecting myself, I ventured in with him. He shut the door, and said "now, Aphilia, your curiosity is gratified. You see here the secret place you have so often wished to see. I retire here morning and evening to think on death, and offer up my devotion to the great Creator. The solemnity of the place keeps out all thoughts of the world, and my imagination wings its way to those scenes of boundless eternity which I make no doubt my soul will ere long enjoy. Every object you see is calculated to compose the mind into thoughtfulness. Those coffins contain the remains of my Ancestors for many ages past. I had them removed privately from the family vault, to assist me in my meditation. That one covered with a black velvet pall contains the body of my much loved Brother! His sudden death reminds me of the uncertainty of life, and teaches me so to live as to be always ready to resign it. The sight of his coffin reads a more affecting lecture on the brevity of human life, than the most eloquent divine could picture to my view. It speaks to the heart—there is no resisting such evidence.

Those paintings (pointing towards the wall) were done by an eminent Artist. There is one representing the DAY OF JUDGMENT. Nothing can more effectually remind me of the account I am to render of all my actions, on that great day of dread decision and despair!"

Siberia then led me to a coffin in the middle of the room; the lid was off, and it was empty. "There, Aphilia, is *my* coffin! In a few years, or perhaps in a few days, this spot will contain the remains of your friend Siberia! Why starts Aphilia? There is nothing frightful in the sight! I enjoy the most pleasing reflections when I look at it. It is the door through which I am to enter eternity! There my body will sleep in peace, until the trumpet at the last day proclaims the coming of my blessed REDEEMER! Then shall I arrive without fear or apprehension, in the realms of everlasting bliss! My actions will be approved, and I shall be happy to all eternity!"

You can hardly conceive, my dear Mira, the state of my mind during the scene, at my entrance. My conscience upbraided me—my past folly, and the words of the excellent Siberia had a double force in so solemn a place. His last word affected me very much. To see him look with so much composure on his own coffin, convinced me of the greatness of those principles he would fain inspire me with. He continued looking at it with fixed attention. Unable to view it any longer, I turned to a monument which I observed standing against the wall. It was an Angel descending from the clouds, holding in his right hand a roll on which was written an adjuration from ‘Young’s Night Thoughts.’ I read and felt the whole force of the awful words! While I was thinking of the solemn warning, the grave Siberia came up and led me to a monument at the upper end of the room. It was of white marble, and was executed in the most masterly manner. It represented a beautiful young woman rising from her coffin at the sound of a trumpet, and the graves around were giving up their dead in abundance. The young woman’s countenance expresses her joy, and her reliance on her REDEEMER. After we had viewed it some time, Siberia said, “this, Aphilia, is to the memory of my eldest Sister. I loved her as I loved myself—she was all that was amiable—her person lovely beyond description, but her mind infinitely eclipsed those lesser beauties. She is now a bright inhabitant of the regions of life!”

How amiable this description, Mira. Oh! how trifling a life I have led! Until now, I never knew what it was to live! I only existed ’till these solemn warnings awakened me to reflections vastly different to what ever occupied my mind before! Previous to quitting this solemn depository, the young philosopher gave me advice clothed in the tenderest expressions, for the regulation of my future conduct. He implored me in the most ardent manner to live such a life as would make my “*calling and election sure*,” and ended by saying “act thus, Aphilia, and you will have pleasure when you meet the end of all things. Death when he comes, will wear the form of an Angel instead of a tyrant—he will give you liberty around the vast bounds of endless eternity, and happiness beyond the power of mortals to conceive. Adieu.

APHILIA.

CURIOUS DEFINITION OF A KISS.

*Extract of a Love-Letter, written in the year 1676—
translated from the German by C. T. S.*

What is like a Kiss? A kiss is as it were, a seal, expressing our sincere attachment; the pledge of our future union; a dumb, but at the same time, audible language of a living heart; a present, which at the same time it is given, it is taken from us; the impression of an ardent attachment, on an ivory coral press; the striking of two flints against one another; a crimson balsam for a love wounded heart; a sweet bite of the lip; an affectionate pinching of the mouth; a delicious dish, which is eaten with scarlet spoon; a sweet-meat which does not satisfy our hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers between two lovers—the fourth degree of love.

A fellow who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman, in French, with *Quelle heure est il, Monsieur?* What is it o'clock, Sir?—To which the gentleman answered in Latin, *Nescio*, I don't know. Oh said the fellow, "I did not think it was near so late," and ran off as if he had something of consequence to do.

A periwig maker in the town of Lewis, in England, made use of the biblical story of *Absalom*, to recommend the sale of false hair. He had a sign painted on the front of his shop, representing the rebellious son of David hanging in an oak by the hair of his head, with this whimsical couplet below:

Oh, Absalom unhappy sprig,
Thou should'st have worn a periwig.

A new view of Matrimony.—A lady meeting with a girl who had lately left her service, enquired "Well Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am, I don't live now," replied the girl, "I am married."

MARRIED.—In Newport, New-York, Mr. P. GOLD, to Miss C. STONE:

What wonders does revolving time unfold:
Hymen can change a *Stone* to precious *Gold*;
Old maids henceforth we trust will stir their stumps,
When they can thus be turn'd to golden lumps.

ON THE DEATH OF A SPENDTHRIFT.
His last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no more!
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

AN ANECDOTE—VERSIFIED
A Pat, an old joker—and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by,
Said the Yankee to Pat, "if I don't make too free,
Give that gallows its due, and pray where would you be?"
"Why, honey," says Pat, "that's easily known;
I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."

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FOR THE DAWN. LOVE AND PATRIOTISM,

O Rosa! dry those streaming tears,
Dispel those dark, forboding fears;
They torture love! my bursting heart.
For duty bids me hence depart.
Not Pleasure's most alluring charms,
Could tear me from thy faithful arms,
Nor any earthly pleasure prove
Superior to my Rosa's love:
But, honor calls me far away;
My country's call I must obey;
The lover must the patriot prove;
And bid adieu! to thee and love.
When in the midst of war's alarms,
Thy prayers shall shield my life from harms;
For prayers so pure, so fond as thine
Will meet the ear of grace divine.

Thou would'st not have thy ALFRED prove
A traitor to his country's love—
Forsake the cause, he feels is right,
And shun, with coward fears the fight?
O no! tho' dearer than my life,
The thought of calling thee my wife;
Tho' brighter than the diamond's rays,
Thy beauty's fascinating blaze,
Yet, dearer is my country still;
And I, her sacred call fulfil;
Thy love, thy tears, thy beauty fly;
For her to conquer, bleed, or die.

While thus for me you fondly weep,
My scarf, in these dear drops I'll steep;

This scarf, around my breast shall wave ;
 And beauty's tears, will shield the brave.
 'Thine eye is dim'd with weeping now ;
 And anxious care o'erclouds thy brow ;
 But, when our country's peace shall come,
 And I return a victor home,
 Thy beaming smiles, shall glad my heart ;
 And we, my love ! no more will part :
 But, should high Heaven destine the blow,
 That seals the fate of all below,
 To meet me in the battle's fray,
 And tear me from my love away—
 Remember—round the Patriot's tomb,
 Renown's eternal laurels bloom ;
 And flow'ry wreaths, adorn the grave,
 Where rest the ashes of the brave.

But yet, I trust we'll meet again ;
 Then chase away, thy bosom's pain,
 And let one soft, sweet smile appear,
 'Thy ALFRED's faithful heart to cheer.
 But hark !—I hear the martial strain,
 I must away, and tears are vain—
 May GOD, thy Heavenly guardian be—
 And shield thy soldier's life for thee !

ROSALINE.

Wilmington, Del.

FOR THE DAWN.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Hail Friendship ! daughter of the skies,
 With all thy bright celestial train:—
 Come, like the sun, upon us rise,
 And shed thy bliss, like gentle rain.

Thou lov'st the peaceful social shade ;
 Thou fly'st from bustle, noise and strife,
 Thou dos't the pious heart pervade ;
 And art to it the *Wine of life*.

'Tis by thy Inspiration here,
 We guess the bliss of saints above ;
 Where friends shall never, never fear:—
 To part—the Death of Friendly Love.

AMANDA.

FOR THE DAWN.

REFLECTION.

How sweetly serene was the morning of youth,
 While our hearts were yet pure as the first sigh of love;
 When our minds were devoted to honor and truth,
 And our orisons flowed to our Father above.

How delighted we dwelt 'mid the beautiful scene,
 While our pathways with flowers & roses were strown;
 When enchanted we danc'd over landscapes of green,
 Unsullied by sin, and to sorrow unknown.

How pleasing, indeed, is the dear retrospection,
 While fancy, enraptured permits us to rove;—
 When warm in our hearts is the fond recollection,
 Of former bright visions of Virtue and Love.

How sadly we turn from these scenes so delighting—
 And visit our bosoms now barren and cold:
 Where the last ray of hope gleams lonesome & blighting,
 Scarce dreading or heeding what time shall unfold.

How madly we grasp at each vain fleeting pleasure,
 And fly through all scenes like a bird of the air:—
 In youth we abandon the heart's richest treasure,
 And find, when too late, but misfortune and care.

LEANDER.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR THE DAWN.

Some speak of the pleasure they find in perusing
 Romances and Plays, or the novels of Scott;
 And sneer when they hear me such enjoyment refusing,
 But so they may do, for I care not a jot.

In such ephemeral joys, they pass many hours,
 With what good effect? Why there's none to be found;
 For, as the mind is abstracted, the body's unheeded,
 And the truth is, such joys are as empty as sound.

But, if now and then, I must pass time in reading,
 And surely I ought, for so duty commands,
 Let me read with delight at the foot of "Bill render'd,"
 "Received payment in full, and of all demands."

Wilmington, Del.

MECHANIC.

FOR THE DAWN.

ADDRESS—TO THE YOUTH OF WILMINGTON.

Ye rising youth, accept my humble lays,
 Court virtue's path while in your youthful days;
 Don't leave her sweets in pursuit of vain pelf,
 But dwell with truth and learn to know yourself.
 While in your youth, employ each leisure hour,
 Nor let mean vices future joys devour!
 Gold may delight, and crown the mission plan,
 But gold, fond youth, can never make a man.
 In this our day, when liberal men are rare,
 If reason speaks, the bigot cries "beware."
 Such are some men who on this earth reside,
 Their mean desires wish truth and reason tied;
 Whereby vile Priestcraft might its plans pursue,
 Bind love and knowledge, perhaps mortals too.
 Grant not their wish, Oh, God! unfold each plan,
 Let honest truth reside with every man.
 The prejudice, which man imbibes in youth
 Stems learning's course, and scorns to hearken truth.
 Reason expand, in *all* a patron find,
 Drive weakness hence, and crown each youthful mind.
 Love guide our hearts, and courage smite vain fears,
 Peace close our eyes, and bless maturer years.
 And now dear youth, regret, now loudly cries
 One earnest wish; I ask, amidst my sighs,
 Let moral virtues all our minds entice;
 And thou, lost man adhere to Reason's voice!

LANCASHIRE.

Wilmington 5th August.

FOR THE DAWN.

Yes, women the transcript of soap bubbles are,
 Which cannot be touch'd, but be view'd from afar:
 When closely examin'd most surely we find
 An *outside of colors* an *inside of wind*.
 Like these they are wafted by every light gale,
 And rais'd by their nothingness, like these they sail,
 'Till 'foul of some substance they heedlessly slide,
 Their outside's destroy'd and to nothing they glide.

DICK.

The *Dawn* is published twice a month, by LEWIS WILSON, No. 105, Market Street, Wilmington, Del. at 75cts. a year, payable half yearly in advance.